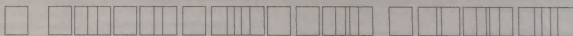


The Daglightale

Augustana University College Student Newspaper

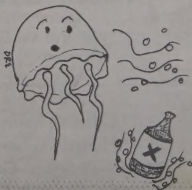
April

COME TO AUGUSTANA BECAUSE....



Faculty Follies was a grand display of what talent the faculty of Augustana is capable of. Not to mention a chance for the faculty to cut down both themselves and students (are you okay Brad? I'm sure they meant it all in fun!) Dr. Harry Prest, in a stylish outfit kept everybody in line, trying to eliminate any seemingly insulting refer-

ences to Augustana and all the people out there. Watching the faculty make such a farc out of Augustana one has to wonder if we are either one of the luckiest universities in the country to have such a dedicated staff that they even make time to entertain the students, or else Augustana is the biggest joke around! I'll let you decide.



- 12 If you like yellow, you can accessorize with your teeth
- 13 If you're Keith Richards it's probably the least of your addictions
- 14 After you die, you'll be famous as the rotting gray lump in the box of formaldehyde that the Cancer Association shows kids at school
- 15 50 million mall-teens can't be wrong
- 16 Your smoky stench will allow you to go undercover as a bingo player or chimney sweep any damn time you want
- 17 Everything you put one of those stiff tubes in your mouth you can pretend you're giving head to a little white dude made out of paper
- 18 Giving thousands to a giant corporation for the privilege of killing yourself slowly in the least attractive way possible will truly make you a rebel
- 19 You can be a complete asshole to everyone without guilt because you're not "just having a nic-fit"
- 20 Smoking cigarettes is still safer than chugging raw nuclear waste. I think
- 21 After your cancer-moving tracheotomy provides you with a new orifice, you can discover the joys of being neck-fucked.

Incompetent People Rarely Know They Are

By Deborah Zabrenko

The truly incompetent may never know the depths of their own incompetence, a pair of social psychologists say. "We found again and again that people who perform poorly relative to their peers tended to think that they did rather well," Justin Kruger, co-author of a study on the subject, said in a telephone interview Thursday.

Kruger and co-author David Dunning found that when it came to a variety of skills — logical reasoning, grammar, even sense of humor — people who essentially were inept never realized it, while those who had some ability were more self-critical. It had little to do with innate modesty, Kruger said, but rather with a central paradox: Incompetents lack the basic skills to evaluate their performance realistically. Once they get those skills, they know where they stand, even if that is at the bottom.

Americans and Western Europeans especially had an unrealistically sunny assessment of their own capabilities, Dunning said by telephone in a separate interview, while Japanese and Koreans tended to give a reasonable assessment of their performance.

In certain areas, such as athletic performance, that can be easily quantified, there is less self-delusion, the researchers said.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS! But even in some cases in which the failure should seem obvious, the perpetrator is blithely unaware of the problem. This was especially true in the area of logical reasoning, where research subjects — students at

Cornell University, where the two researchers were based — often rated themselves highly even when they flubbed all questions in a reasoning test.

Later, when the students were instructed in logical reasoning, they scored better on a test but rated themselves lower, having learned what constituted competence in this area.

Grammar was another area in which where objective knowledge was helpful in determining competence, but the more subjective area of humor posed different challenges, the researchers said.

Participants were asked to rate how funny certain jokes were, and compare their responses with what an expert panel of comedians thought. On average, participants overestimated their sense of humor by about 16 percentage points. This might be thought of as the "above-average effect" — the notion that most Americans would rate themselves as above average, a statistical impossibility.

The researchers also conducted pilot studies of doctors and gun enthusiasts. The doctors overestimated how well they had performed on a test of medical diagnoses and the gun fanciers thought they knew more than they actually did about gun safety.

So who should be trusted: The person who admits incompetence or the one who shows confidence? Neither, according to Dunning. "You can't take them at their word. You've got to take a look at performance," Dunning added.

The Class From Hell

Kristy Mandrusiak

As students, we expect to be taught what we do not know in an unbiased and fact giving format. Our education is very important, and we are here to experience new ideas and processes by which we begin to understand our crazy world. The professors exist because they have the experience we aim for, and we look towards them to help us gain such knowledge. Some are better at sharing than others. Others care so deeply that they do anything for our education. The problem exists when you have a professor who neither cares about the students and gives a one-sided, prejudice view of the world.

Perhaps, you are thinking, that such a person would never exist in an environment as Augustana, a place where people are friendly to one another, having a majority of unprejudice persons and the obvious freedom of speech through such outlets as the Dagbladet. Alas, it is untrue.

Leaving the professor unnamed is to protect only him/herself, but the class which was taught was to be a gender class—second and third level sociology. For the benefit of the doubt, the professor was put into a position of taking over a class half way through a semester. Other than that, the problems were all created out of lack of compassion towards the students and abased view against men.

The instructor change resulted in a 50% class drop out rate, and with the remaining students, few attended consecutive classes. The few men in this class were embarrassed to be there, since every one of society's problems and women's prob-

lems were blamed on them. Since the old prof had left no pre existing marks or assignments, every thing was determined by the new ruler. An essay was assigned and due in under a month, oral presentations were discontinued and changed into a written overview of chapters in the text. And the final exam, which had been a take home at the beginning of the semester, changed into a three hour test including such things as multiple choice, fill in the blanks, essay questions, short answers and none of which the prof would write, rather what they could find on the text book's database. The class was thrust into the position of helplessness and no matter how many questions were asked, each person was considered stupid and inexperienced. A booklet of over a hundred written questions were handed out as the ONLY guideline to follow for an exam that was worth 40% of the final mark, each was coming into with no experience of prior exams from the prof, each had no mark on which to base achievement level, and essays which had been handed in over a month were to be dropped off with a secretary to be picked up—not even distributed after the final. Now, all this is heartbreaking for those students who were to graduate this year. These were the students who approached the prof looking for compassion about the grading and final exam. And the only response was ignorance and a lack of compromise for two groups of people—neither of which were happy about the situation. Within all the confusion, the prof had the nerve to hand out a questionnaire. The questions are as follows: Name, phone

number, marital status, age and sex of children, travel experience, if where and how long you have worked, major, minor, all philosophy courses taken, all sociology courses taken, year, degree goal, the most important social issue in the world, the issues you are most interested in, what you expect to learn in the class, and why you are taking the course.

Now, with one day left of school, the questions seem only to present more problems. When the prof was asked why the questionnaire was filled out it was mainly for interest sake and it was so surprising that with all the education we know nothing. Treated like children who were ignorant rather than adults who wanted to learn and achieve an acceptable mark, the majority of classes previous to the last week were spent watching feminist videos and listening to statistics which presented only one side of the HUMAN story.

Looking back on my experience of this class, I realize how awesome some of the professors are at Augustana, and how we take them for granted. After dealing with nothing but ignorant comments and compassionless situational instances, my knowledge has expanded in only one way. The world is full of people who step on others to make their way into power. As I aim for a degree in Education, I swear that the students I teach will not feel as I did. No matter their age, each individual deserves to be heard and helped, not pushed and ridiculed. Age does not mean experience, knowledge is wasted when not shared and power through abuse does not create respect.

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Seven days with no TV and loving it

Source: The Manitoban (University of Manitoba)
By Amy Woolveit

WINNIPEG (CUP) — Consumers around the world will be shutting off their television sets between April 22 and 28, says Allan MacDonald, communications director for Vancouver's Adbusters magazine.

This year marks Adbusters' sixth TV Turnoff Week, the goal of which is to "act collectively to depress the TV ratings nationwide," according to MacDonald.

But TV Turnoff campaign materials distributed by the magazine also indicate a broader goal: the publication wants to draw attention to the increasingly concentrated private ownership of the media.

In the United States, television is dominated by seven large corporations, while internationally it figures drops down to three.

"There's a shrinking number of mega-corporations and multi-nationals that seem to control the airwaves," said MacDonald. "We certainly don't think that's healthy for the dissemination of information."

In addition to its annual television boycott, Adbusters continues to attempt to air their "un commercials" — anti-corporate messages designed to get consumers thinking about the products and services marketed on television airwaves.

Despite Adbusters' persistence, the only major American network that has agreed to air the un commercials is CNN.

The "Big Three" American networks — CBS, NBC, ABC — have repeatedly turned Adbusters away on the grounds the un commercials are too controversial.

"Adbusters would never get on. I mean, it was never even a question," said Patti Matson, senior vice-president of corporate communications with ABC.

Matson added it was not in the interest of other corporate sponsors to air Adbusters' un commercials.

"It's like putting an ad up in McDonald's and saying 'don't eat a hamburger,'" she said. "Obviously this isn't something that we would accept."

Representatives from Adbusters say this year's TV Turnoff Week goes beyond questions of lifestyle choices, and instead focuses on the larger issue of "freedom of expression on the airwaves."

"As media concentration has increased, diversity of opinion has decreased," the magazine's website states. "In fact, it would appear that freedom of opinion and expression do not exist on the airwaves."

Rashomon



by Kierstin Helberg

I wanted to display some pictures from the play, but what more can be said about *Rashomon*? It was an excellent play, put on with the skill we have come to expect from Augustana's Drama Department. Under Joel Morello's direction what more can one expect? Joel's fabulous performance that brought down the house at Faculty Follies attests to his excellent acting abilities knowledge of which he has obviously passed on to the young actors and actresses in this production. The play had everything imaginable from sword fights to rape, but was actually a story about truth.

Admittedly, the play had weak spots and didn't appeal to every one out there. I can quote my grandma as commenting "did it have to be so vulgar?" To which I replied, "that, wasn't the point grandma!" There will always be some people out there who don't see what you're trying to make them see, so maybe those who didn't enjoy the play simply didn't understand it.

The issue of truth raises alot of interesting questions. A postmodernist would

say that there is no such thing as universal "capital T" truths. This, I believe, is what the play was getting at. However, there are also some people out there who would argue (and I've heard them) that there are universal truths, that the world is based on such truths, the problem is everybody doesn't realized this. Now my argument is... EX-ACTLY!!! Not everybody sees the universal truths in the same way! Sure they may be out there but each person has their own individual interpretation of the truth, which is what *Rashomon* tries to get across. People believe what they want to believe, and "say what they want to hear" (a line from the play). The different versions people

have of the truth, as shown in this play, shows how hard it is to get at the universal truths, because a person has so many options? Who do you believe? That is why we must come up with our own versions of the truth. We cannot rely on the stories of others. Just as the woodcutter was afraid to share his story because of what the other characters were saying, our own version of the truth gets lost because we don't know how it fits in to the rest of the world.

What I think this play is telling us is that we need to tell what we believe to be the truth because every person's version of the truth can have some relevance, even that of a lowly woodcutter.



International Students' Executive (from right): Charles, treasurer, Rifat, secretary, Damon, vice president, Farzana, president.

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NIKKI YEOW!: live jazz in dead Cuba

- Andre Goulet, April 11th, Santiago de Cuba

The constant humidity makes you crazy. Too much rum and too many 1st world neuroses leave the foreign student tense and anxious, an entire psychological framework on the edge, staring into the unforgiving maw of the foreign traveler's spiritual void. It was with this mentality that Carli-Ann and Gabriella and I, Ingrid, Daniel and Julio (the two former persons being Cuban hipsters and musical connoisseurs) ascended the stairs of the Casa de Dolores, its steps aged by centuries of use, to observe a stork irregularly imported live music in Cuba. The band was Nikki Yeoh and Infinitum, a modern jazz3-piece from England. If you can imagine a younger, more oriental Tori Amos, you'd come close to picturing the diminutive pianist. Reviews from english media covered the back of the programme. *The Evening Standard* - "Talento emergente y encanto infantil"; "La pianista Nikki Yeoh es quizas la jazzista britanica mas apasionante de su generacion" raved *The Independent*. *The Times* went so far as to exclaim that - "Puede improvisar consultura con el mejor de ellos" High praise indeed from the jazz hotbed of new London. Yeoh has a certain deft perception of the power of the gentle caress' of traditional soft jazz when juxtapositioned with the funk and body and abrasiveness of acid jazz and its contemporaries. Her drop-of-a-hat changes from moody atmospheric licks to pounding, heavy flourishes kept the music interesting and invigorating, a real departure from the prozac of Kenny G and other piece of shit platinum selling "jazz" artists. Her supporting band was also incred-

ible, consisting of a simple drum and bass combo that created an endless groove of rhythms, trance-like tonal collages with an improvised change-up of speeds and decibels. Smooth, cool bass in the tradition of the funk circa '76, f***ing amazing drums that blew my mind and bobbed my head. All together, the trio was a righteous combination. Post-intermission: Free-style jazz meets traditional 'bata' afro-caribbean drumming, a staple of the Western Cuba music scene. Three drummers join Ms. Yeoh and her band and proceed to create a heavy, throbbing, fundamentally rhythm-based, improvised masterpiece of epic proportions. The full theatre of some 200 people, *extranjeros* and Cubans alike, give the assembled musicians a much deserved standing ovation. As we walk home through the shabby neighbourhoods of urban decay, the striking parallel of two Cuba's is apparent- the dead dreams of an idealistic ideology rotting side by side with the young, the European, the hip cutting edge of 1st world music and all the illusions and excessive consumptions that come with the imported package. Despite the amazing concert, the feeling of somber melancholy, of confusion, is distinct. What was this strange collision of worlds that we experienced? And why, despite all the (relative) poverty I see everyday, does capitalism still seem so lame? andre goulet is a 4th year drama major in his 11th week of the Augustana Cuba program. he has realized that you really don't know how bourgeois you are until you've "lived it up" in the third world.

A few last scenes from environmental Month: Deforestation Day (top), Campus-wide Clean-up (bottom)



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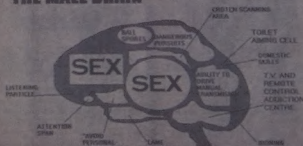
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Some indication of the female and male brain make-up:

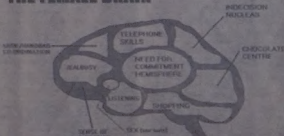
HUMOUR

THE MALE BRAIN



FOOTNOTE: "Listening to a lecture on the inside of the right" gland is not down play to its most sophisticated nature. Best viewed under a microscope.

THE FEMALE BRAIN



FOOTNOTE: "State from closely connected the mind can call as to the following sheet."

Dave Alexander's TOP TEN stuff to do with old people

- 10 Switch their dentures with plastic Dracula fangs and take some family photos
- 9 Play connect the dots with their liver spots
- 8 Throw a few in your car and go take advantage of some kick ass senior discounts
- 7 Make them dance like puppets by controlling their pacemakers with your garage door opener
- 6 Change 911 on their speed dialer to 1-900-ASS-HUMP
- 5 Leave them in the tub for a long time just to see how wrinkly they can actually get
- 4 Before the sponge baths at the retirement home, give the old men lots of Viagra
- 3 Pin some Misfits, The Exploited, and Sex Pistols buttons on your grandma's blouse and tell your friends her hair is purposely blue because she's so fuckin' punk
- 2 Switch their adult diapers with kids pull-ups and convince them they're growing
- 1 Collect them and trade them with your friends!

TOP TEN SIGNS YOUR COLLEGE PROFESSOR IS LOSING IT

- 10 It's not the hand puppet that bothers you, but the fact that it ain't on his "hand".
- 9 Your class in Romance Literature consists of him reading out loud from "Letters to Penthouse"
- 8 The third question on the final is "milk, bread, eggs and that kitty litter Punkin likes".
- 7 Demands each class begin with students standing on desks exclaiming, "Oh, Captain, my Captain!"
- 6 Prerequisites for her Economics seminar include the 64-count box of crayons with the sharpener in the back, a Slinky, and a working knowledge of Duck, Duck, Goose.
- 5 "I don't just teach Abnormal Psychology- I'm also a client!"
- 4 Abandons blue books and insists that your final exam must be written on the shaved back of a rabid wombat.
- 3 Has tenure, yet actually teaches his own classes, shows up on time and prepared, and states that attendance is required, exam grades will not be curved, and final grades will be based solely on merit.
- 2 Writes "see me" on the top of your paper- then underneath writes "I am" still visible, aren't I?"
- 1 He uses his cool hepcat persona in class then switches to his buck-toothed dweeb persona when he goes out club hopping.

GOT... BEER?!

Better than milk, new survey shows!

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals is urging college students to wipe off those milk mustaches and replace them with... foam? The largest animal rights group in the world is releasing the results of research showing that beer is actually better for you than milk. PETA is giving away bottle openers that say, "Drinking responsibly means not drinking milk—save a cow's life," to college students who visit www.MilkSucks.com.

The dairy industry spends more than \$300 million every year to convince people to drink gallons of the white stuff, but PETA's sentiments are with savvy health officials who warn that dairy products have four major drawbacks. Milk and cheese: 1) are loaded with fat and cholesterol and devoid of complex carbohydrates; 2) are frequently contaminated with pesticides and drugs; and 4) may even cause osteoporosis, the very disease that the dairy industry loves to use as a selling point in its ads, because the excess protein in dairy products leaches calcium from the bones. (The Harvard Nurses' Study shows almost twice as many bone breaks among women who drink three glasses of milk a day as compared to women who drink little to no milk).

Here's why beer is better

A nutritional comparison of beer and milk reveals that:

- Beer has zero fat; milk is loaded with it.
- Beer has zero cholesterol; milk contains 20 mg of cholesterol in every 8 oz. serving.
- Beer doesn't contain hormones or antibiotics, while milk contains an ever-increasing variety of the pesticides and antibiotics fed to cows, including rBGH, the notorious growth hormone that can give guys breastst.
- Beer has half a gram of fiber in every cup; milk has no fiber whatsoever.
- Beer has only 12 mg of sodium per 122 mg. Milk is sky-high in sodium.
- The high-animal protein content of milk actually leaches calcium from the bones. In the US, Nor-

way, and Sweden—where people consume the most dairy products—women have the highest rates of osteoporosis in the world. Regions of the world where dairy products are not part of the culture, such as China and Japan, are virtually osteoporosis-free. A study published by the *Journal of Clinical Nutrition* found that by the time she is 65, the average female American dairy-drinker will have lost 35 % of her original bone density. The average female American vegetarian will have lost only 18 percent.

• Unless you drink the stuff on your way up Mount Everest, beer won't give you a stroke. However, dairy products contribute to almost every disease except carpal tunnel syndrome, including strokes, iron deficiency, allergies, cancers of the prostate, breast, colon, and ovaries, asthma, heart disease, and even the common cold (milk helps promote the production of mucus).

PETA's main "beef" is, of course, about the treatment of the mother cows and their calves on factory farms. Today's dairy cow is treated like nothing more than a milk machine—chained by her neck in a concrete stall for months, her udders genetically modified to produce so much extra milk that they sometimes drag on the feces and urine covered cement. She is kept pregnant by artificial insemination to keep milk production high; her male calves are traumatically taken away from her at on to two days old and chained inside cramped dark crates to be killed for veal. The milk that is meant for them ends up on our supermarket shelves. There are no retirement homes for dairy cows. When their usefulness to dairy farmers is over, they get shoved into a truck and sent off to slaughter.

PETA's College Action Campaign coordinator, Morgan Leyh, counsels, "Colleges have been busy banning kegs from campus. But we say: 'Ditch the dairy, not the beer!'"

** Of course, while all this is true, PETA recommends fresh juices, soy milk, and mineral water—even soda—over milk or beer.

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Thoughts On The Road II

By J. William Voth

Once again the editors of the *Day* asked if I would write something for the last issue. I think this time they're just looking for material for their last issue of this academic year and they know me as a reasonably reliable contributor. At first I was thinking of commenting on a particular article in the last *Day* but decided that I should refrain from saying anything about the anonymous writer in question. I just don't want to be too negative. In my current state of mind my distaste for this writers' ideas would get the better of me and I'd end up saying something stupid. I need to cool my jets off before I start on certain topics. Hatred was burning inside of me when I decided that I should do what I wanted to do since I wrote the first issue of this yearly column at around this time last year: Write the second issue of *Thoughts On The Road*. Having lost my vehicle, my first instinct was to go out on my bicycle, but it's too icy for that. I'll walk.

I won't be going anywhere near Daysland this time, not on foot. I'll probably make it to the Camrose Regional Exhibition. This is where *The Vothitude* takes over. "Vothitude" is a term that was devised just under a year ago by Del Rio. It was short lived. When I said good-bye to Del Rio I was so spiteful that I killed *The Vothitude*. I disarmed it and allowed its enemies to slaughter it.

Maybe next year I'll be able to make this journey east on a bicycle. Maybe some day on a motorcycle. Maybe I'll even build my own motorcycle out of an old two cylinder Onan. What would I use for a gear box? Hey, how about one of those ATV's? No, there is a reason why I do this thinking on the road. What else do you know that goes places without moving? This highway goes to Daysland, which is rather amazing when you consider how firmly affixed it is to the Earth. That's so much more than just a very lame joke. It's one of the reasons why I love Psychology of Language class.

Should I stop off at Kwon's and pick up some fire works to set off when I get out of town? No, here and now is a place and time for thinking. What a wonderful place the road is for thought. What else can you do on a road? Where else can you think? This is not the occasion for fireworks. Besides, I really shouldn't be spending what little money I have right now on them anyway.

Notice myself walking past a business called Camrose Engine Rebuilders. Some of the lights have been left on so there is a clear view of what is on the other side of the windows. Crankshafts. Lots and lots of Crankshafts for everything from Tecumseh lawnmower engines to Chev 350s. There's even one in the lathe that was in the process of being turned when quitting time came around. I wouldn't mind working at a place like that. Who am I kidding? I'd love to work at a place like that.

I keep going east. *The Vothitude* has been reborn. It is strong now. I pass an

RV dealer and the side walk ends as I step out of the glow of the street lamps into the darkness of the night. I'm on a gravel road now. I'm alone. I'm alone. I'm alone. So very, very alone. I'm so alone that I can't even sense the presence of *The Lord* any more. Only *The Vothitude* is here with me, but I'm not the least bit lonely. Not right now. Because the whole point of *Thoughts on the road* is to be alone and think. I come up to a stop sign and just for fun I stop long enough to let the chorus of an old song run through my head:

Sign, sign everywhere a sign.
Blockin' out the scenery, breakin' my mind.

Do this! Don't to that!
Can't you read the sign!

Forgive me for not knowing the title or the artist of that. Walking has its advantages over driving. Stopping for those things is not optional in an automobile and you don't get a chance to notice much less admire cranks shafts. I'm on the shoulder of Highway 13 Now. Speaking of signs I can see the illuminated one for the CRE. It won't be long until I can touch it. Gee it's windy, especially when a car goes past at 100KM/h. There's the road into the CRE. There must be something going on there tonight, that truck is turning on to that road. No, it's stopping and using the intersection as a safe place to pull over. The driver must want to check the load. It's just sitting there with the tail and brake lights on, not the four-ways. Is it waiting for me? Does the driver think that I'm a hitchhiker? I ignore the truck as I turn left and walk behind it on my way to the CRE. As I do so I hear the engine rev up and I turn my head slightly to the left and watch it drive away. The driver probably would wonder why I'm in this place at this time. When I saw a clock on my way out of town it indicated 10:30. This could probably be considered abnormal behavior. With that realization a voice from deep inside of me screams "AM I INSANE BECAUSE I THINK??? WHERE ARE YOU NOW, DESCARTE?!!?"

My back is to the wind as I head south across the deserted parking lot. It is blowing snow across the pavement in long thin wavy lines. It looks like hundreds of white snakes are slithering rapidly past me. I reach the big ugly building. There is a half-ton doing some work. The driver will probably think that I'm some kind of hoodlum up to no good. I ignore yet another truck as I remove my right-hand mitten and let it fall the ground. I do the same with my left-hand mitten. The coldness of the cinderblock wall shocks me as I thrust both hands upon it. I'm touching the building now. I have gone to the CRE. You can't say that if you just stand in the parking lot and look at it. I lean against the wall and let the coldness bite into my palms as I start sliding them down. I turn around and pick up my mittens and put them back on as the half-ton goes by again. I glare at it. The wind is still stronger now. No, I stop

and face west momentarily. It only seems stronger because I am walking directly into it. I should head straight for home anyway.

The Vothitude draws its broadsword and hands it to Them. They hold it firmly while *The Vothitude* casts itself upon it and collapses on the floor in a pool of blood. From the pool of blood *The Vothitude* rises. Reborn again. It sees its possessions surrounding it and assumes that it is at home. Then it realizes that this place is not its home. It looks and feels like its home but it is not the home of *The Vothitude*. It is a prison and They are the prison keepers. *The Vothitude* draws its broadsword again and throws it into the forge. When it hit the bricks the walls of the prison shatter like glass and *The Vothitude* finds itself standing before *The River*. With *The River* are *The Penguin*, *The Peasant* and *The Monarch*. They all are speaking but fall silent as *The Vothitude* begins reading from a scroll. "F-Series. 2000 F-350 4x4: \$34,935." Someone who can't afford fireworks has no business looking at a new pick-up truck. It looks like I've made it back into town during this symbolic tangent. This is *Lamb Ford*. Strange things happen when you've been studying the Book of Revelation. The souls of my boots must not be as badly worn out as I thought they were. I can recognize those footprints going in the opposite direction as my own. They are the only ones in the snow. I'm still so deep in thought by this point that I nearly miss the street that goes back to the campus. When I get to my room I stop for a moment. The room is silent except for my breathing and dark except for the pale blue light coming through the window. After a few moments I shove a few GGC's (Girl Guide Cookies) down my throat and fire up my word processor to give the editors of the *Day* something to publish and everyone else a small sample of my thoughts.

Student Experiences

Trauma in the Library!!!

by Sherri Rogers

Have you ever wondered what happens when you try to leave the library with a book that's not signed out? I always wondered. Today I found out. Your humiliation begins with bells and sirens emitted simultaneously from strategically placed loudspeakers found throughout the library. This attracts the attention of the general public who, until this moment, were deep in concentration over books and manuscripts, whose insights were suddenly and rudely interrupted by your attempt to illegally smuggle precious books from the premises. Library staff unconsciously reach for previously concealed holsters hidden beneath puffy boules, their "happy library smiles" replaced with accusing eyes, thin, pursed lips and itchy trigger fingers. The exit crossbar is equipped with an automatic locking device, trapping one within the confines of the doorway. To further ensure one's capture, assuming one is approaching the door at full tilt, and before the sirens have fully permeated their senses, the crossarm is strategically placed to lock across the stomach in the approximate zypoid area—where the lower lungs are unprotected by the surrounding ribcage, thus knocking the wind from the offender and leaving them gasping for air in a pathetic heep for the vengeful public to jeer and prod at. At this time, satisfied that the fear of further humiliation will ensure that you will not reoffend, the librarian plucks the recovered book from your crumpled body, regains her friendly smile, tucks her piece back under her shirt and wishes you a happy day. You promise to try.

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